Who Let These Children Have Scissors and Clippers?
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Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Midoriya Izuku, Todoroki Shouto, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Gran Torino (My Hero Academia)

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Who Let These Children Have Scissors and Clippers?

by ShadeCrawler

Summary

Shouta's day started at Four Thirty in the morning.

Yes. Four Thirty in the Morning.

Shouta is just not having it today.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shouta's Sunday morning started before the sun rose enough to shine into the bedroom to gently ease him from his slumber and it was to excessive knocking coming from his front door.

"Whoever is on the other side of that door," Shouta muttered, pressing his face into the thick part of Hizashi's hair, hating every second that the knocking continues and he's pulled further out of the realm of sleep that he had been drifting comfortably in, "is expelled. I don't care if the dorms are on fire. If one of my brats are on the other side of that door, I'm expelling them. And then killing them. And then setting their corpse on *fire.*" It was Sunday. *Sunday.* He didn't have to get out of bed until eight on Sundays to get ready for Midoriya and Shinsou's Underground lessons at nine. His hell spawn should *know* better by now than to wake him up if he's sleeping. They've known him for an entire semester. They should know how much he values his sleep.

Which must mean it's something serious. Shouta is already pulling himself out of Hizashi's arms even though his grumbles. The knocks are persistent but Shouta can't sense any true urgency in them that there would be in a true emergency. He had time to get dressed, at the very least.

Hizashi yawned and pulled a strand of Shouta's hair out of his mouth that must've ended up there at some point during the night. He rubbed at his eyes cutely with one hand and smacks the bedside table blindly to find his glasses with his other. "If it's one of mine, tell them I'll be out in a few minutes," he mumbled tiredly. "Just, just g'nna get 'ome 'ants on," he said through another big yawn. He huffed when he smacked his phone by accident, missing his glasses by a mile, pouting slightly in frustration.

Shouta sighed tiredly and grabbed his husband's glasses, gently pressing them onto his face, before grabbing his discarded pair of pants and the oversized shirt that Hizashi had discarded the night before when getting ready for bed. In less than a minute, he's dressed and pulling his hair out of the loose braid that Hizashi tied it in the night before as he marched out of their bedroom. The knocking had stopped by this point but Shouta knows that someone is still standing on the other side of it, judging by the nervous shifting he hears and the shadow peeking its way from underneath the door. He throws the white ribbon that had been holding his hair together in its braid onto the couch right before he opens the door.

Immediately, any anxiety or concern that he might've felt for his students disappeared and he glared at the big, blond oaf standing in front of him with a sheepish and nervous smile. "Yagi," he hissed, gripping the side of the door tightly. "Do you *know* what time it is?"

"Uh, last I checked, it was about four thirty," Yagi said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck with his giant hand. He wasn't looking directly at Shouta, staring at his chest instead of in the eye as he used to. Before Midoriya had dropped the bombshell of One for All into his lap and caused Shouta to spend the last two weeks scrambling to find solutions for problems that should've been handled months ago. Before Shouta had ripped into the fool in front of him for damaging that boy so badly. Now, the man could barely even look at him. Before Yagi promised to do better but seemed lost on just how to do so.

Shouta probably would've felt a little more sympathy for the retired Pro if the words *four thirty* hadn't just left his lips.

"Is someone dying," he nearly growled. His head ached with the four and a half hours of sleep that he had managed to piece together throughout the night full of the restless sleep that most Underground Heroes had each night. He might have to give Shinsou and Midoriya a raincheck on their training today if his headache didn't ease up by eight thirty. He would give himself thirty minutes before their training session to make up his mind. For now, he focused on the man in front of him. "Already dead? Sick? Crying? Has Problem Child manifested a new Quirk? Have my demons decided to throw a coup on the school and is tying the rest of the teachers and the enemy that is 1-B to stakes? If the answer isn't yes to one of those options, Yagi-san, then we are going to have *issues.*"

He didn't need this today. Not Sunday. Not the sacred Sunday. And certainly not this early on one of the few days that Shouta got to sleep in. He was supposed to be able to stay in bed until it was time for Shinsou and Midoriya's private lessons, lessons that they were *excelling in* and where they deserved his full, undivided attention. The two of them were both students that had been shunned and pushed aside of teachers before. Shouta might be able to push through and teach lessons adequately on little to no sleep on most days but, at the end of the day, Shouta was only human. He could tell by the pounding in his head that if he didn't get at least another hour of sleep, or at least another hour of resting his eyes and cuddled up in his husband's arms, then he wouldn't be able to provide his students with the attention and care that was required in Heroic lessons of any nature.

And that was leaving out that today was the day that Shouta would finally be meeting with Gran Torino. And whatever other messes he was going have to clean up.

. . . Two hours. He was going to need at least two extra hours of rest to properly deal with the headache that was turning out to be this Sunday.

Yagi winced and shook his head. He hesitated but, after risking a glance at Shouta's face, must have seen the danger building and blurted out, "There's something that I forgot to tell you about One for All. I just remember Young Midoriya telling me about this at the Sports Festival and I put it out of my mind but I was up and thinking about it and you said to tell you about everything helpful about One for All so," he cut himself suddenly with a click to his jaw as Shouta raised his hand for silence.

. . . It was four thirty.

It was four thirty.

Shouta took a deep breath in and stepped away from the door, holding the door open a little wider in invitation. "Get in here before Bastard or Precious notice the door's open," he sighed, closing his eyes from just sheer exhaustion. "Go sit down on the couch. I have to . . . I gotta go do something really quick. Hizashi should be out in a few minutes." He fished his phone out of his pants pocket, ignoring Yagi walking through the door timidly and giving Shouta a wide berth as he did.

A spark of annoyance twinged inside of Shouta. It wasn't as if anything he had said to Yagi hadn't been deserved or incorrect. Yagi *had* messed up. Midoriya's mental health *had* been damaged by the various mistakes the retired Pro had made over the past year and few months. All Shouta had done was point it out and put into a few ground rules that would help *everyone* go forward in the future. Was it awkward between the two now? Yes, of course it was. Shouta had no idea just how big of a dumbass Yagi was before all of this so it had shaken his view of his colleague and made him lose a fair bit of respect for him.

But at least Shouta was *trying.* At least he wasn't skirting around the other man and reminding them both of the awkwardness.

Shouta took a deep breath and rubbed at his eyes. He could think more on that later on. When it was a more appropriate time of

day and Shouta didn't want to claw his own brain out of his skull to rid himself of the headache currently making his head throb with each breath. Shouta sighed and pulled up his students' contact information on his phone, squinting hard from the bright light as he wrote up a quick message for Shinsou and Midoriya that Underground lessons were cancelled for the day and to spend it as a rest day. He sent the message off before writing up another meant solely for Midoriya, informing him that Gran Torino would be arriving at the school at twelve o'clock and that Shouta would at the dorms at eleven thirty to collect him for their meeting.

Worriedly, but not too surprisingly with how bad of sleep habits teenagers usually had, Shinsou messaged back immediately and Midoriya's reply popped up just a few seconds later. At least Midoriya's read like someone who had been woken up unexpectedly unlike Shinsou's. Shouta would have to check with the boy to see if he had gone to Recovery Girl for help with his insomnia like Shouta had told him to.

[Midoriya: Ojkay, snsei.]

[Shinsou: Got it. I'll tell Izuku when he wakes up. Is something wrong though, Aizawa-sensei? You never cancel lessons.]

He sent a clipped reply to Shinsou that things were fine but something came up that needed his attention before tucking his phone back in his pocket. He instinctively swooped down and plucked Bastard up before he could bolt out of the apartment and cause havoc in the teachers' dorms. He closed the door, nuzzling the yowling kitten's head gently as he did so, before turning to the living room where Yagi was waiting for him.

Hizashi was sitting on the couch with him, a large mug of coffee in his hands and hair tied up in the messy bun. Shouta's husband had thrown on some jeans and a white shirt. He looked more put together than Shouta felt, something that he really envied his husband of at the moment. Hizashi smiled at him and offered the mug to Shouta. "Here, Love. Something tells me that we're going to be here for a while. It's your Italian stuff."

God, Shouta wished that younger him had gotten his shit together with Hizashi so much faster. Every day with this man was a blessing and it really annoyed Shouta that he missed so many of them.

"Thanks, 'Zashi," Shouta mumbled, taking the mug and pressing

a kiss to Hizashi's temple. He sat down in his favourite plush chair and took a large mouthful of his coffee, his shoulders immediately relaxing from the hot drink. Bastard crawled up from his arms to drape himself over his shoulders and Shouta could hear Precious padding through the apartment, woken from the noise of the three men in the living room. "Alright, Yagi-san. What's so important that it couldn't wait until morning? You said that it had something that happened during the Sports Festival?"

Yagi nodded awkwardly, turning his own mug of coffee around in his large hands. Shouta's eyes narrowed at the mug – that better be the cheap shit – but let it go for now. "Ah, yes. I wasn't able to sleep and I remembered Midoriya mentioning this to me. I, uh, apologize. I forgot the time. But, you remember the fight that he had with Young Shinsou? Where he broke through your student's control?"

What kind of question even *was* that? *Of course,* Shouta remembered the fight where he had first seen the potential in his protégé. He had taken notice of Shinsou during the entrance exam and had an eye on what he'd do during the Sports Festival but he hadn't expected much, if he was being honest. Hundreds of General Education students had made it their mission to transfer into the Heroics Course and, ever since he himself had transferred, Shouta had only seen two others actually succeed. The others lacked the conviction, skill, or cunning to make it to the third round of the Festival. While Shouta always rooted for the Underdog, he admitted that there were few who were actually willing to put the work in.

When he had first laid eyes on Shinsou, he had seen wasted potential. A boy with a Quirk that would be extremely useful in Hero work and, judging by his high grades, someone with a brain on his shoulders. But little muscles and no training with fighting in any regard. Shouta knew that by just looking at the boy that he would make it to the third round. With his brains and quirk, it was practically guaranteed. But he wouldn't make it past his second match, maybe not even his first if his opponent was smart, which Midoriya was. Shinsou had relied on his Quirk too much back then and hadn't even bother to hide its activation. Did he have potential? Yes. But Shouta hadn't been impressed. The cunning was there, the skill could be taught, but the conviction? The grit? The ability to stand up and keep moving even though each and every one of your muscles were screaming at you to stop? That had to be there from the start and Shouta hadn't been sure if Shinsou had that.

Until Shinsou's match with Midoriya. Where, somehow,

Midoriya had broken out of Shinsou's brainwashing and pushed the boy out of the ring.

Shouta had watched that shook roll across Shinsou's face, shaken by his Quirk failing him, and seen the lesson take hold in the boy. That his Quirk would only take him so far. That if he was serious about his goal, about being a Pro Hero, that he was going to have to get serious. It was a lesson that everyone with a powerful Quirk, whether the Quirk be physical or mental, had to learn at some point or another if they were going to be any Hero worth their salt. Shinsou had walked off that field with determination written all over his face and Shouta had gone to offer him afterschool training.

But even though the lesson was one that Shinsou had had to learn, Shouta would always cringe at just how Midoriya had managed to teach it. Watching the kid break himself over and over again just for a school Festival . . . Let's just say that Shouta had been more than happy when Midoriya had first debuted his *Full Cowling* technique.

"Yeah, we remember that," Hizashi said, arching an eyebrow and adjusting his glasses. "What's that got to do with Midoriya, Yagi-san? I didn't see anything strange happening down there. Yeah, the way that Midoriya broke out of Shinsou's control was," he hesitated, cringing a little at the memory, "*crude* but it was one that makes sense. It was a shock to Midoriya's body,"

"Understatement,"

"*And,*" Hizashi continued, shooting Shouta an undeserved pout, "that means that it makes perfect sense that Midoriya was shaken out of Shinsou's control. So, what's the problem here, Yagi-san?"

Yagi sighed and sipped at his coffee. He looked exhausted. Like he had gotten no sleep at all. Which made sense since he was here on Shouta's couch at *four thirty in the morning.* Or would it be closer to five now? The point was that it was too fucking early. "Midoriya told me something about that match. I told him at the time not to think too much on it but, well," he chuckled darkly, "I think that we can all agree that my decisions thus far haven't been the best. I was thinking about the past few months when I remembered the match and I thought it best that you know what happened. Midoriya mentioned having a . . . *vision* of some kind during the event."

Shouta frowned and leaned forward, the last of the sleep clinging to his mind fading away. "A vision?" Was this a new Quirk

that had manifested without them realising? A subtler Quirk, to be sure, and one that wasn't on the list of possible ones that Nedzu and Yagi put together. But one that Shouta definitely saw the potential of. Especially with Midoriya's analytical mind. A vision suggested that it was a future sight Quirk, of some kind, or perhaps a Quirk that showed different moments in time. A mental Quirk of some kind, at the very least.

But Shouta's theories were brushed aside by Yagi's next words. "Yes. He believes that he saw the last eighth holders of One for All in his mind. They were shadows, I doubt that he'd be able to recognize any of them if given pictures, but he said that he saw them. I experienced something similar myself once and I theorized that it's imprints of the past users' consciousness in the Quirk itself. It is a stockpiling Quirk, after all. I wasn't sure how important it is but I thought that you would like to know. I'm sorry for," Yagi trailed off, looking between Hizashi and Shouta slowly. Hizashi had his hands tangled in his hair with a horrified expression on his face. And Shouta doubted that he looked much better. ". . . waking you up for nothing?"

Hizashi's mouth opened and closed for a moment. Finally, strained words managed to come out. "You're telling us that there are imprints of the past users' consciousness in that Quirk? That the Quirk isn't just taking the Quirks of the past users but also, maybe, their *consciousness? Maybe their souls?"*

Yagi blinked and shook his head. "Well, I doubt it's their *true* consciousness stuck in the Quirk. Or their soul, if you're truly worried about that. I mean, Young Midoriya saw a shadow of myself in there. I'm guessing that this is more important than I first thought?"

Hizashi let out a wheezy breath and Shouta stared down at his mug of coffee mournfully. It was four thirty in the morning.

It turned out that cancelling the Underground lessons was the best decision that Shouta could've made. Because by the time nine o'clock rolled around, the time that he'd usually be walking into a training ground with his two personal students, he was still in his armchair with a refilled mug of coffee, the file full of possible past users of One for All, and a pounding headache that hadn't faded in the slightest.

Bastard hadn't left his spot on Shouta's shoulders, at the very

least. And Precious had migrated to his lap. So at least Shouta had cats with him. There was that.

Hizashi was curled up next to him in the armchair, scanning his own documents that he had printed off. Theories of stockpiling Quirks that went completely over Shouta's head was being flipped through by his Husband. Yagi and Nedzu, who Shouta had immediately called over to discuss this new development, were seated on the couch and speaking in low tones that Shouta was keeping an ear on absentmindedly as he flipped through different profiles. They had been sitting in these positions for hours, so focused on their own respective tasks.

Finally, Shouta sighed, breaking the silence, as he finished up reading the last of the profiles and tossed the file onto the coffee table. "Well, it's certainly not a new Quirk of any kind," he muttered, rubbing his fist into his eye tiredly. He had gone over the profiles with a keen eye, spending long periods of time on each one to see if any of them could somehow explain the vision that Problem Child had had at the Festival. There were a few mental Quirks in there but none of them could explain Midoriya seeing the past users of the Quirk in the middle of a fight. "It's definitely the Quirk itself that caused those visions."

Nedzu turned away from Yagi, nodding firmly and taking a long sip of the green tea that he had walked into the apartment with. "Yes, we believe so as well. From what Yagi-kun has explained to me of both his and Midoriya-kun's past experiences with these visions, it seems to come on in times of great stress. Though, I can't be sure if Midoriya hasn't had any more experiences that he didn't come forward with." The rat's tail flicked curiously behind him and he tilted his head. He looked more animalistic than he normally allowed to be. But sitting in Shouta's apartment with three people that he trusted, Nedzu didn't seem to be bothering with upholding the human characteristics that he used every day. "I'll have to ask him more about this later on. As for the subject of past users' consciousness being trapped inside of the Quirk itself, well, I believe that it's simply an imprint, as Yagi-kun theorized. Since Midoriya saw Yagi-kun himself in that vision and, obviously, Yagi-kun is still alive and well."

Hizashi hummed and nodded, finally glancing up from the research paper he had printed off. The paper was something that was completely above Shouta's level of understanding but judging by how easily Hizashi had been reading it just a few minutes before, his husband hadn't had any trouble with it. "And that's great and all," he

said in frustration, leaning his head against Shouta's shoulder, "but this still is something we gotta be prepared for. If Midoriya can interact with them, which, like, I'm guessing he'll be able to if he focuses enough or gets good enough at meditation, then that's going to be eight people that he'll be interacting with."

"We'll have to tell Midoriya as soon as possible," Shouta muttered, resting one hand against his forehead and the other fished around in his pocket for his phone. "And Hound Dog as well. There's the possibility that these imprints only show up in certain situations but there's also the possibility that they start showing up in his dreams or in other moments of his life. Kid will have to be prepared to deal with these, fucking, these ghosts." Shouta wondered if Midoriya had any other incidents since the Sports Festival. Would he say anything to them since All Might had told it that it wasn't anything to concern himself with?

Was it something to be concerned with?

Possibly. Possibly. It was something for them to think of more, at the least. If it became an issue, then they'd figure out solutions. Though, Shouta wasn't sure what solutions they could come up with for a haunted Quirk, of all fucking things. Hope that the Past Users were cool and wouldn't give the kid much shit? Hope that maybe they'd help the kid out with future Quirks? What if the Past Users were bigots and didn't like that Midoriya was born Quirkless? Shouta couldn't exactly kick a ghost's ass.

. . . He could *try* though. Shouta was sure that he could if the circumstance really called for it. He'd figure it out if it became an issue.

Would Midoriya believe all of this though? That his Quirk was haunted? The boy was very scientific in nature and Shouta had seen his face a few weeks ago when Kaminari had told a ghost story during one of their free periods. Shouta had never heard the kid protest *anything* so fiercely. It had been the most entertaining free period Shouta had ever had and it was enough to make Shouta happy that he had decided to stay in the classroom that day to supervise his brats instead of going for a nap. Listening to Midoriya rant for close to ten minutes about how ghosts weren't real and *couldn't* be real was hilarious.

He was going to have to make sure to have this conversation with Midoriya somewhere with camera to immortalize the insulted

expression that Shouta was sure Midoriya would be wearing the moment the words *haunted Quirk* passed his lips.

Funnily enough, the expression that Nedzu was wearing was very similar to the one that Shouta was picturing on future Midoriya. "Not *ghosts,* Shouta-kun. *Imprints of a consciousness.*"

Shouta met his mentor's eyes and blinked slowly. ". . . So, ghosts."

Just as Nedzu opened his mouth, most likely about to rip apart the very idea of ghosts, Yagi cleared his throat and drew their attention back to him. "Is it really necessary for Young Midoriya to know about the imprints at this time," he asked, frowning in concern. He quickly raised his hands, as if sensing their coming protests about hiding important information from the kid. "I'm not saying to hide it from him indefinitely. Or even for very long. But, you said yourself, Aizawa-san, just the other day. He is under extreme pressure and stress at the moment. And he's still getting used to the idea of manifesting new Quirks. What if this is too much for him?" He glanced around, looking uncertain but determined. It made Shouta relax a little. He might disagree with what the man was saying, but he could tell that this was coming from pure concern for Midoriya. "Wouldn't it be kinder to keep this information from him until things have calmed down?"

Hizashi hummed uncertainly and waggled a hand in the air. "Okay, I see where you're coming from, Yagi-san. I do. He's still just a kid, despite all the shit he and his class has gone through lately. And the idea of him being haunted by ghosts, *imprints of dead people,"* he quickly corrected at the mulish expression forming on Nedzu's face, "isn't something that'll be easy for him to deal with. But I think that hiding it from him would do more harm than help. What if he has another vision and panics? Hell, I'd panic if I suddenly had dead people talking to me. It'd be best for us to warn Midoriya that this might happen."

"*Might,"* Yagi stressed. "I had the Quirk for decades and it only ever happened once, years ago. It could be that what happened at the Sports Festival would never happen again."

"Yeah, but it still *might.* And Midoriya deserves to know about all of this." Hizashi shrugged, adjusting his glasses as he did so. "I vote that we tell him. Yagi-san votes no, obviously. Shouchan?"

Shouta sighed and wondered when exactly they decided this was a voting matter. Or why either of them thought that he wouldn't just go behind their backs and tell Midoriya at the first opportunity either way. "I say that we tell him," he said dryly, pushing his hair out of his eyes. "And whatever way we vote, I *will* be telling him. Midoriya has far too little trust for us adults as it is. How do you think he'd react if he found out that we knew about this and decided to keep it from him? You heard him the day that Float activated, Yagi-san. He's done with people keeping him in the dark. I won't be jeopardizing his trust in me." He yawned and slowly stood up, giving the cats ample time to move off of him, and then stretched his arms over his head. "So, Nedzu-san. Your vote?"

Nedzu grinned, nose twitching in amusement. "A vote that won't matter, Shouta-kun?"

Shouta shrugged. "I want to know your opinion," he said truthfully. "I'll be talking to Midoriya about this either way but I want to know what you think about all of this."

There was a long pause as Nedzu thought, tapping his paws against his mug of tea. Finally, he said slowly, "I agree with both you and Hizashi-kun. Keeping this from Midoriya would be something that would hinder Midoriya in the long run. Midoriya has shown patterns of anxiety in the past and if it starts happening excessively, then it's possible that it could lead to even more undue stress that could have been avoided. And, as Shouta-kun said, Midoriya has also shown mistrust in adults. Which is more than understandable with his former Quirk status and the experiences that he's had with them before Yuuei. Keeping this from him runs the risk of ruining any trust that Shouta-kun has managed to build with him up to this point. So, in conclusion, I vote that we tell him." He smirked and tipped his head. "Not that the vote truly mattered."

Shouta answered his smirk with one of his own and shrugged. "It really didn't." He glanced into the kitchen at the oven clock and sighed. It was nearing ten o'clock. Two hours until Gran Torino would be arriving. A brand-new kind of headache. "Alright," he hummed, cracking his back. "We have a plan. Tell Midoriya about the ghosts," he pointedly ignored the sour look Nedzu sent him, "tell him to inform us if he gets another vision, and try and get him not to panic at the thought of his Quirk being haunted. Now, it's ten o'clock and I have a retired Pro to deal with in two hours. I'm making breakfast." He turned towards the kitchen, pausing to press another kiss to Hizashi's temple. "Coffee," he offered his husband softly.

Hizashi smiled and nodded. “Please.”

“Okay.” Shouta glanced over at Nedzu and Yagi, ignoring how Yagi was politely looking away from the public display of affection and how Nedzu was smirking proudly at the couple that he had personally forced together. This was Shouta’s Goddamn apartment and he’d kiss his Goddamn husband if he wanted to. “Are the two of you staying or going?”

Nedzu grinned and hopped off the couch, tail flicking behind him happily. “I, unfortunately, need to be going. You’re not the only one with meetings today, Shouta-kun. The culture Festival isn’t too far away and there are multiple things to do beforehand.”

Oh God, that fucking headache. Shouta wrinkled his nose at the reminder of what he’d be forced to endure in just a couple of months. Though, while it was always annoying to corral his students into putting something together that wouldn’t embarrass them, Shouta was, admittedly, looking forward to seeing what kind of ideas his Hell spawn would come up with. It was going to be like watching a train wreck in slow motion and Shouta found himself being excited to watch it crash and burn.

Shouta nodded, turning to Yagi and arching his eyebrow. Yagi coughed into his hand and stood up, awkwardly shaking his head. “Ah, no, no. I must be on my way as well. I, uh, will see you both later on.” He bowed politely before hightailing it out of the apartment so quickly that Shouta could’ve sworn that he saw smoke.

His eye twitched at just how quickly his co-worker had fled his presence. He was going to have to deal with that soon.

It wasn’t until Nedzu had left as well that Shouta sighed, slumping his shoulders and shaking his head. “We’ve been awake,” he muttered tiredly, “since *four thirty*. And now I’m going to have to deal with a retired Pro for God knows who long.”

Arms wrapped around him from behind and pulled Shouta back against his husband’s firm chest. “Go take a nap,” Hizashi chuckled in his ear. “I’ll wake you up when breakfast is finished and I’ll be sure to make sure another mug of coffee, okay Kitten? You prepare for the shit show you have at twelve. Meanwhile, I’ll go prep on checking up on my Gen Ed kiddos. And I’ll go check in on your kids too. Make sure that they haven’t, what was it I heard earlier this morning? Tied the *enemy* that is 1-B to stakes? Really, babe? The enemy? You and Kan

take this rivalry *way* too seriously."

Shouta huffed and pulled up of Hizashi's hold. "They *are* the enemy, 'Zashi," he muttered, pecking his husband on the lips before following the call of his bed back to the bedroom. "And don't think for a moment that 1-B wouldn't do it if my brats didn't first. If anything, my imps would be acting in self-defence." He ignored the laughter of his husband and flopped headfirst down on their bed as soon as he was close enough.

Not his fault if Hizashi didn't realize that Shouta and his class were the calm ones in this rivalry.

There were several reasons why Shouta called his class Hell Spawn. Some assumed that it was only because of Problem Child. And they weren't completely wrong. Midoriya took up a big space on the list of reasons why his class gave him headaches. But those some people would be overlooking the nineteen other little demons who made Shouta think twice about leaving them alone for any period of time longer than an hour. They all had potential. Both as Heroes and as little Demons that would be the reasons why Shouta went white by thirty-one. There were many examples that Shouta could point at to prove just that. Such as all the times Iida and Problem Child set fire to the tracks. Or the time Jirou and Yaoyorozu managed to blow out the lights in Gym Beta in a glorious display of teamwork.

And as Shouta stepped into the dorms of 1-A and found clumps of hair scattered across the floor and a blank faced Todoroki sweeping them up, Shouta knew that he'd be adding this to the list.

"Todoroki," Shouta said slowly, giving his student a slow blink. "What is going on here?"

Todoroki blinked back at him, expression not even twitching a little. Shouta couldn't help but be impressed. Just a little. He tilted his head, showing off the sides of his heads. That had been shaved. Someone had shaved the sides of his students' head. *Who the hell had given his students clippers?* "Just cleaning up, sensei. That's all."

"I see. And the new hair cut?" Shouta stepped over a lock of bright pink hair as he looked around the common area. Only Todoroki was down right now, the rest of his Nightmares nowhere to be seen.

Suspicious.

Todoroki hummed and ran one hand through it. It was cut shorter in the front and shaved at the sides and back. It gave him a slightly more mature look and stopped him from being able to hide behind his hair like he noticed the boy did at times. It looked fine on him. Though, Shouta didn't really understand what was wrong with hiding behind long hair. It was half the reason why he kept his own hair long, after all. "Do you like it," Todoroki asked curiously, tilting his head again like a curious puppy.

Shouta fought the urge to run a hand down his face. God, his fucking demons. "It looks fine. Though, I'd like to know exactly *who* was near your head with scissors and clippers."

Todoroki shrugged and went back to sweeping the discarded hair into one big pile. "Ashido and Sero. Sero's aunt is a hairdresser and he knows a few things. And Ashido likes to experiment. They noticed that our hair was getting unmanageable and offered to help." He shrugged again. "It's just hair."

. . . Well, Shouta *had* noticed their hair getting long. Though, his solution probably wouldn't have been to have students cut *other students'* hair. He probably would've just booked a class wide appointment at the nearest hairdressers and let them go for whatever style they wanted. Or just let them all grow it long. Nothing at all wrong with long hair. Shouta sighed and ran a hand through his own tangled locks. "And the rest of the Hell Spawn? Where are they?"

Todoroki hummed and tilted his head up towards the stairs. "Taking pictures. I offered to clean up since I was the first one done." The spilt haired boy met his eyes and said, completely serious and with a deadpan air that Shouta could only aspire for, "I was the genuine pig."

Shouta went out a sigh through his nose, giving into his urge and rubbing at his forehead. "I *see*." Shouta spared a moment to wonder just how much he cared about this recent example of just how demonic his kids were. Finally, he asked, "Were any ears cut off?"

"No, sensei."

There. Done. Duty as a Responsible Adult ™ complete. Shouta was officially washing his hands of this. If his students wanted to walk around with self-made haircuts then that was their business, not his. "Alright. Go get Midoriya for me. We have a meeting."

"With Gran Torino," Todoroki asked curiously, pausing in his

sweeping for a moment. “Izuku told me about that last night. It’s to help with the newest aspect of his Quirk?”

There were many reasons why Shouta approved of Midoriya telling Todoroki about One for All. One of which was that Midoriya needed someone his own age to support him and who knew just what he was going through. He needed someone in his corner. But another was that Todoroki was a master of lying. Shouta had never met any other student who could look straight into his face, keep their expression completely deadpan, and lie as easily as breathing. No one would ever think that there was anything wrong with Midoriya’s Quirk with Todoroki’s blank face at his side. Add in his earth-shattering loyalty to Midoriya and Shouta couldn’t think of a better person to be told about The Sisterhood of the Travelling Quirk.

“Yes,” Shouta said honestly. He continued, keeping the details vague in case another student happened to overhear. “Gran Torino had a friend with a Quirk very similar to this new aspect. As he’s trained with Midoriya before, we thought that he’d be a good person to bring in.”

Todoroki hummed and nodded, one hand absentmindedly moving up to feel the shaved part of his head. Where there was a clumsy flame design carefully shaved into it. Shouta would bet that there was an equally clumsy snowflake shaved into the other. Not bad. Not professional, but still. Not bad. “Izuku likes him,” he finally said with a sharp nod. As if that was all that mattered. The teen leaned the broom he had been using against the nearest wall and walked over to the stairs, poking his head into the stairwell and calling out, louder than Shouta had ever heard him outside of exercises, “Izuku, Aizawa-sensei is here for you!”

Immediately, the rest of Shouta’s Nightmares could be heard.

“Ohhhhhhhh, Midoriya’s in trouble!”

“What’d you do this time, Midoribro?”

“Did you kill someone? I bet that you killed someone. The quiet ones are always the ones you gotta look out for.”

“Shinsou-kun! You shouldn’t accuse Midoriya-kun of such a thing!”

“Coming, Aizawa-sensei!”

The sounds of footsteps thundering down the stairs made Shouta's head pound and he fought the urge to sigh fondly. He closed his eyes for a moment and when he opened them, nineteen bright grins were beaming up at him from the stairwell.

Well, Shouta had to give it to Ashido and Sero. No one looked awful. A few clumsy designs – like the ones shaved into Todoroki's head or the *mohawk* Sero was sporting – but nothing that would embarrass them once they walked out of the dorms. They looked a bit more like the little demons that Shouta had pegged them for since day one. Maybe everyone else would believe him now when he warned them.

"Sensei, don't we look cool," Uraraka crowed, running her hands through her now slightly shorter hair. She had one of the least dramatic changes, at the very least. "Isn't this so cool!?"

Shouta sighed and gave his students a slight nod, which immediately made them burst out into grins. "You all look good. Ashido and Sero, good job." The two students glowed under his praise. "Though, if you'd ask permission for bringing scissors near your classmates' heads in the future, that'd be appreciated." He ignored the quickly given assurances – that would probably be ignored later on – and gestured impatiently at Midoriya. "Midoriya. We have a meeting."

Midoriya nodded happily, looking like an excitable puppy, and bounded forward with a bright grin on his face. His hair looked very similar to Todoroki's. Shaved at the sides with a tuff of curly green hair on top. It made the boy look a little older, even with his babyface. There were little designs shaved into the sides too, just like Todoroki's. But with a star on each side instead of snowflakes and fire. "Yes, sensei! I'm ready! Do I need to grab my costume?"

"Just your gym uniform." Shouta waited patiently as Midoriya run off to grab his gym uniform, raking his eyes over his students. ". . . Kaminari, I don't remember you having your ears pierced."

Kaminari laughed awkwardly and rubbed at his ears self-consciously. There was a silver stud in each one. "Uh, yeah. Me and Mina went out yesterday and got them done. You gave us passes to go to the mall, remember?"

Shouta hummed and nodded, putting it aside now that he knew that Kaminari hadn't done what he and Hizashi had when they were kids and did it himself with ice and a needle. "It looks good," he said

absentmindedly. He arched an eyebrow when the boy relaxed a little but also relaxed when the boy grinned brightly.

"Thanks, Aizawa-sensei!"

Well, they were just kids. Self-conscious about their appearances and what they chose to do with them. Shouta used to always be self-conscious himself whenever he changed an aspect of it. It made sense that his kids were as well. Probably shouldn't make a big deal about it. Shouta hummed and nodded when Midoriya came bounding back down the stairs in his gym uniform, the rest of Shouta's brats making space for him.

"Sensei, will Midoriya be back in time for our study group this afternoon," Yaoyorozu asked politely. Her long hair had been cut drastically, now just brushing her shoulders. Just long enough to be put into a small ponytail. "So, we know if we should wait for him?"

Shouta shrugged. "Don't know."

"You don't need to wait for me! I'll catch up later on, promise!" Midoriya grinned at his friends happily.

Yaoyorozu smiled back at him. "I'll be sure to give you any notes if you need them."

Midoriya grinned happily and nodded, practically skipping forward to Aizawa's side. Aizawa spared a moment to pat him on the head before giving the rest of his kids a stern look. "I expect all of this hair to be cleaned up by the time I return. Don't let Todoroki do all the work. Don't burn down the dorms, don't stage a coup, don't kill anyone."

Shinsou swayed and pressed a hand against his chest. His hair had just been trimmed at the ends, keeping his hair style intact. "Sensei, it's like you don't even *trust* us."

"That's because I don't."

Of course, that made all of his Hell Spawn break out into giggles or secretive smiles. Brats.

Shouta rolled his eyes and nodded towards the door. "Midoriya. With me." He marched towards the door, waving his hand over his shoulder as his students called out various goodbyes and promises to save Midoriya a portion of whatever they put together for lunch. Hell

Spawn.

Midoriya was almost tripping over his feet as he quickly followed him out of the dorms. Shouta glanced at the boy and his much smaller legs before slowing his pace. They had enough time that there wasn't any need to rush. All Might would be meeting Gran Torino at the gates and guiding him over to the field that they had chosen for training. Honestly, Shouta probably needed just a few minutes to prepare for the torture that would be All Might, his successor, and his teacher all in one place together. Especially with the tension that had formed between Yagi and Midoriya. This was going to be a fun time. Just so much fun. "What do you think about my hair, sensei," Midoriya asked softly, running his hands through his now shorter hair shyly. "Me and Shouchan wanted to match and Uraraka-chan was going to do it too but she decided against it last minute but she said that it looked really good on us."

"It looks good." Shouta paused before reaching out again and patting him on the head softly. "Who did the stars?"

Midoriya's answering smile was bright enough that Shouta thought that getting a pair of sunglasses might be a good future investment. "Oh, Ashido-chan! She did all the shaving and the designs! Sero-kun did the simpler cuts and did some trimming too. They'd do yours too if you want sensei!"

Shouta snorted and gently pushed Midoriya's head away, making the boy break out into soft laughter. "I trust you brats not to kill each other out in exercises," he drawled. "But not with scissors near my head." He smiled at Midoriya's relaxed stance and decided that now was as good as time as any to pounce onto a topic that he felt needed to be addressed. "So, Midoriya, before we get into this meeting. You and All Might."

Immediately, Midoriya's happy smile dimmed slightly and his shoulders hunched. "I haven't talked to him. And I would've told you first before I did," he assured Shouta quickly.

"I know that, Problem Child. I just wanted to ask. You seemed very upset with him earlier this week."

Midoriya kicked at the ground softly as they walked. "I don't know," he said softly. "I still . . . He's still my hero. He inspired me to be a Hero, you know? That's what I always wanted. To be a Hero that saved people with a smile. Maybe not a Spotlight Hero," he admitted

softly, the first time that he even implied out loud that he was seriously considering Underground Heroics. “But I still want to save people and make them know that they’re safe because I’m there.

“But, I . . . I’m just mad at him,” he admitted, like it was a crime to be mad at someone. He glanced up at Shouta, now unable to hide behind his bangs. It made him all the easier to read. He relaxed a little when Shouta did nothing more than nod in understanding. “I . . . I know that I took the Quirk. And I don’t regret that. Not really. But, I don’t know, I think that if I knew a little more about the Quirk when I was taking it, I would’ve thought about it a little more. He just keeps hiding things from me. And I just keep thinking about what happened when we first met. I know that you think that I could’ve been a Quirkless Hero.”

Shouta cut in. “Because you could’ve been.”

Midoriya had to duck his head to hide the small smile that broke out at that. “T-thank you, sensei. But, um, I just,” he shrugged and his tone sobered, “he said that I have potential as a Hero but I have a Quirk now, don’t I? So, I just,” he trailed off.

Shouta sighed. Damn. Goddamn it. “You’re wondering if he’d still think that if you were still Quirkless.” He sighed through his nose at Midoriya’s small nod. “I’m not going to speak for Yagi. I can’t. But I can tell you something Midoriya. The first day of school. Do you know why I didn’t expel you on the first day of class?”

There was a pause where Midoriya fell silent, pursing his lips and staring up at the sky thoughtfully. “. . . I’d say that it’s because I have a powerful Quirk if you were anyone else,” he said softly. “But I don’t think you really care about how powerful Quirks are.”

“I don’t.” Powerful Quirks certainly were helpful in Heroics but they weren’t the end all be all. Many of the students that Shouta had allowed to graduate didn’t have powerful Quirks. One student that he still made sure to keep an eye on was someone whose Quirk was that allowed him to see perfectly in the dark. It did nothing to himself or anyone else but it was perfect for Underground Heroics. “Powerful Quirks are useful but they aren’t what makes Heroics at the end of the day. So, why didn’t I expel you?”

Midoriya tilted his head, looking exactly like Precious used to when she was just a young kitten that padded after Shouta on his walks home. “. . . Because I’m smart,” he asked shyly. It was a step up,

at least. Just three weeks ago, Midoriya would never admit to being smart. Whether that be because of self-esteem issues or because he wanted to keep his intelligence in his back pocket just in case. A Midoriya who took pride of his intelligence was something that Shouta would like to see more of.

Shouta nodded firmly. “Because you’re smart,” he agreed. “You’re smart and that is something that is rather rare in Heroics. Anyone can have a Powerful Quirk. That’s a dime a dozen. But someone with a brain? Now that’s rare.” He reached out and poked Midoriya firmly in the forehead. “And I bet you had that brain long before All Might offered you his Quirk.”

“T-thank you, sensei,” Midoriya stuttered, a pleased smile on his lips. “T-that means a lot.”

Shouta huffed and ducked his face into his scarf to hide his own smile. “Good. I understand that yours and Yagi’s relationship isn’t the best at the moment. But try and focus on your training today, understand? Gran Torino came a long way to help you with your flying so listen to everything that he has to say. Got it?”

“Got it!” Midoriya beamed at him, looking just happy for someone to listen to him.

At least somebody around here appreciated him.

Shouta wasn’t sure if he hated or loved Gran Torino.

It was really fifty/fifty so far. On one hand, his first impression of the man had been a 3’11” foot, grey haired old man standing next to All Might and glaring out at thin air as if the world itself had offended him by just existing. Which Shouta understood. Hell, he sympathized. The world offended Shouta almost daily by just existing. And whatever he and All Might had been discussing before Shouta and Midoriya arrived, it had been enough for All Might to be looking down at the ground shame faced. Anyone who took All Might to task for his decisions was good in Shouta’s books.

On the other hand, Aizawa’s second impression was Gran Torino looking over at them with a bright, shit eating grin, and flying towards Midoriya with a cackle and a foot aimed right at Midoriya’s face.

Shouta didn't even have time to dart in front of Midoriya, as his first instinct was. Before he could even react, Midoriya was flipping back and darting away from the old man with a bright smile. "Hi, Torino-san," his student chirped, bouncing back towards one of the buildings in the urban city field that they had chosen to use. "How was the trip?"

"Enough yapping, you embryo! If you can talk, you can fight! Let's see if you've learnt anything since I saw you last!"

And then the two of them were off in blurs of yellow and green respectively.

Shouta stared at the two blurs as they bounced off of buildings, colliding in mid-air but never slowing down enough for Shouta to see exactly what was happening before mentally washing his hands of it and turning to stand next to All Might. At least he knew where his student's fighting style came from now.

"He went through security, right," Shouta asked anyway, keeping one eye on the two blurs zipping around the fake city. The yellow one just a little faster, if just by a hair, but the green one was making up for it with just how much Midoriya was bouncing around, obviously attempting to keep Gran Torino guessing on where he was going. Didn't seem to be working with this Pro but still a good strategy.

Yagi coughed into his hand awkwardly and nodded. "Ah, yes, yes he did. All three layers. And Nedzu-san verified that it was him before he sent the two of us to this training ground. Apparently, the two of them knew each other from a case they worked in the past."

Shouta nodded briskly, nodded exactly what case the man was talking about. Nedzu's long winded talks might be dreaded by the rest of the staff but Shouta was one of the few who always loved listening to the Rat. Nedzu was the smartest being on Earth currently and it showed. Even when Shouta was as young as his Hell Spawn, he would eagerly spend time in Nedzu's office and listen to Nedzu's tales or even debate with him. Did he ever win? Of course not, he was fifteen and he had been debating *Nedzu.* But he had learned a lot and it was probably his willingness to learn and listen from the Rat that earned him his place as Nedzu's first personal student.

Everyone wanted to talk but hardly anyone wanted to listen. Nedzu appreciated those who were willing to listen to him.

“Didn’t know that his method of helping Midoriya would be to immediately attack him,” Shouta mused dryly. The green blur he had been keeping his eye on was hit by the yellow one and faltered for a moment, just slowing enough that Shouta was able to see Midoriya readjusting himself in the air before the boy was off again. “I’d expect that method for a third year, not a first year.” He glanced over at Yagi, expecting at least a huff at Shouta’s joke but, instead, only got an awkward smile and a quick glance away. Shouta let out a sigh of annoyance and turned back to the blurs colliding above them. “You need to get over this.”

“P-pardon?!”

“You need to get over this,” Shouta repeated, not even turning to look at the other man. “You messed up. I made moves to fix your mess and put roadblocks into place so you wouldn’t mess up again. Stop walking around me like you expect me to kill your cat or something.” He paused before glancing at him. “Do you even *like* cats?”

God, that man better like cats. Shouta didn’t think he could maintain a relationship with someone who didn’t.

Yagi spent a moment sputtering at his side before coughing into his hand and saying, “Uh, yes, yes I do. Though I do prefer dogs. I’ve been talking with Nedzu recently about allowing me to keep one on campus.”

Shouta made a noise like a dying cat but made no other protests. Dogs were fine. Not as good as cats. Not as smart either. But fine enough, he supposed. Huskies were cute. Shouta actually had a Huskey puppy when he was a boy. His Mama had been allergic to cats and Shouta hadn’t been able to official take in Precious until he moved out of his parents’ house and into the apartment he shared with Hizashi. His old Huskey puppy, Gem, had been a good companion to him before she died when Shouta was a teenager. Shouta had plenty of fond memories of her.

. . . Maybe Shouta should look into getting a dog himself. The cats were pretty calm around dogs. And Hizashi liked Huskies. He’d think about it.

“But, ah, I didn’t realize that I was acting so,” Yagi faltered, obviously trying to think on how he wanted to frame it, “ah, cautious around you, Aizawa-kun.” The older man sighed and Shouta could

hear him scratching at his neck self-consciously. “You are right. I have made several mistakes with Young Midoriya. And I want to go forward and try and fix those mistakes. But . . . I’m not sure how to do so. I can tell he’s angry with me. I would be too if Nana had treated me like I have treated Midoriya in the past year. I just don’t know how to fix this.” There was a pause before he added, a little softer, “He seems very close to you now.”

Shouta paused before turning around slowly and looking at the taller man incredulously. “You’re *jealous?* That Midoriya is closer to me than you?” Was this man serious right now?

Yagi winced but didn’t deny it. “I just want to have the same close relationship with him that I had with my Master. I hope that I haven’t damaged it beyond all repair.”

Goddamn it all the hell. Was Shouta the only person in this school with any Emotional Intelligence? He was *Eraserhead*. Emotional Intelligence was not what he was known for. He shouldn’t be the benchmark for handling emotions. He let out a heavy sigh, throwing his head back and pinching his nose. “My God,” he breathed, just fucking done with life. This. *This* was why he acted like he did on a daily basis. He was either surrounded by children or fucking idiots. And honestly? Shouta preferred the children. “All Might. He’s angry at you because you didn’t talk to him.”

“I know that-“

“So, talk to him.”

Yagi blinked. He had an expression on his face as if he had never even considered open and honest communication. “Talk to him? But, Aizawa-kun, what is there to say?”

Shouta rolled his eyes so hard that he swore to God that he saw the back of his head for a moment there. “Is there anything else that he needs to know about his Quirk? Other than what we discussed this morning. I’ll talked to him about that myself after our training. Anything else?”

“Uh, no. Not as far as I remember.”

“If you do happen to remember something, tell him. I might have told you that you can’t be alone with a student but that doesn’t mean that you can Midoriya can’t *talk.”* He paused before side eyeing Yagi out of the corner of his eye. “Do you believe that he could’ve

been a Hero without a Quirk? Yes or no. No other bullshit. Yes or no."

To his credit, Yagi didn't immediately blurt out yes just because he thought that was what Shouta wanted to hear. He kept his eyes up at the two blurs bouncing around the fake city, the green one getting close enough to the two men that Shouta felt his hair rise up briefly. Finally, he answered. "If anyone could be a Hero without a Quirk, I think that it'd be Midoriya."

Shouta hummed. "You know that he won't be the last Quirkless person to try to get into the Hero Program. And I would bet that one will get in in the near future too. If you're going to be teaching at Yuuei long term, there might come the day that you have a Quirkless kid in your class. Would you encourage them, even if they weren't Midoriya? Are you saying that Midoriya could've been a Quirkless Hero because you truly believe it or because you've seen what he's able of?"

". . . I don't know."

Shouta nodded briskly. "Until you do, don't bring it up to Midoriya." He stepped forward before pausing and saying over his shoulder sternly, "And stop acting like I'm going to bite you whenever we're in the same room." He ignored the renewed sputtering behind him and kept walking forward, about to put an end to this scuffle between Pro and Student so they could get down to business.

The only one who had to worry about biting was Hizashi and that was a private affair.

"Not bad, brat! Not bad!"

Shouta watched from beside Torino as Midoriya floated in the air, legs folded below him in a crisscross. He had been floating like this for almost ten minutes, rising and falling every time Torino told him to with barely any delay. He was still a little clumsy but Shouta was slowly getting more at ease with the idea of allowing him to take the Provisional Exam in a week instead of holding him back.

Torino took a deep breath, gesturing at his lungs exaggeratively. "Remember, this Quirk is all about your breathing and how you're feeling! You feel anxious in the air and you'll have a harder time controlling your movement! Float is all about being steady. You have control. Not the Quirk! Got that?"

“Yes, Torino-san,” Midoriya called down dutifully. He was barely bobbing in the air at all, staying as still as he could. It really wasn’t bad at all. Shouta was almost impressed. *Almost.* With another call from Torino, Midoriya rose up higher in the air until he was approximately twenty feet in the air and then told to hold it.

Shouta glanced down at the older Pro. He looked calm but had a steely gaze in his eyes as he watched Midoriya. Ready to move at any moment if the kid lost control and fell down to the earth. And after watching the man bounce around the city without breaking a sweat, Shouta was confident that he would be able to snatch Midoriya out of the air before he even blinked. “You’re very good with him,” he muttered, low enough that Midoriya wouldn’t be able to hear.

Torino snorted but lowered his voice to match Shouta’s volume. “I’ve taught enough anxious kids to know how to handle this one. And it helps that he’s similar to how Toshi was when he was Midoriya’s age. A little softer spoken and a hell of a lot smarter. But they aren’t that different at the end of the day.” His lips twisted into a smirk. “Bet the kid wouldn’t be happy to hear that right now though.”

“Definitely wouldn’t be.” Shouta sighed. Yagi had left just a few moments after Shouta had put an end to Torino and Midoriya’s scuffle, a thoughtful look on his face. “Or maybe he would be. He still likes the man.”

“Bah! I wouldn’t blame the brat if he didn’t,” Torino huffed, shaking his head in annoyance. “Hell, I would’ve killed someone who talked to Toshinori that way when he was still Quirkless. Nana-chan might’ve offered him the Quirk but I know that she thought that he could do great things even without it. And I don’t doubt it either. But, that’s the problem with getting old. You get stuck in your ways if you only have one type of people around you.”

Shouta nodded, keeping one eye on Midoriya. He was holding his position well. Obviously taking in the breathing exercises that both Torino and Hizashi had hammered into his skull with how deeply he was breathing. He was a good kid. “It’s something I try and keep in mind with my own students,” he muttered. “I have a friend that I was considering bringing in for a lecture. She’s Quirkless, just like Midoriya once was. It’d be good for them to know more about different people in our society instead of just those with Powerful Quirks.”

“Good idea. Might want to warn them about it before hand

though. If there was one thing I learnt as a teacher that even the best kids can be prejudiced. They don't always mean to but they don't always think shit through. If they have time to process the lecturer and think through the questions they want to ask, they might weed out the more offensive questions."

Shouta hummed thoughtfully. It was a good idea. Many of the questions that people have asked Shouta, as someone with a villainous Quirk, over the years had been questions asked without any thought put into it. And he truly believed, at the end of the day, that the majority of his kids were good ones. He would still need to ask Sakura if she even *wanted* to be a guest lecturer for 1-A. And if 1-A got a guest lecturer, then Vlad would insist that 1-B get time with her too. And Shouto knew them far less than his little demons.

He knew that they were The Enemy. That's it. He didn't want to put his friend in a position where she might have to put up with microaggressions or thoughtless comments.

"That's a good idea," he commented with a small nod. "I'll speak to my friend and if she agrees, I'll give my students time to think about questions for her. It'd be good for them to be introduced to people outside of their Powerful Quirk bubble."

Torino nodded sharply. He grinned and glanced up at Shouta with a shit eating air that Shouta felt was *very* similar to Nemuri's. "You know, you can just call them your kids. If anyone gets what it's like to teach and basically raise kids through the shit, it's the old geezer standing next to you." He laughed sharply. "I taught my class through a *war*, remember? All for One was at his peak when I taught at Yuuei. And Nana had just been killed so," he shrugged, his calm edge very at odds with what he was saying. "Just saying. I get it. Toshi might be mine but I've kept in contact with all of the kids that I taught over the years."

He was right. Shouta had only heard snippets of Yagi's old school days and most of the stories were centered around Yagi himself. Around the retired Number One Hero's accomplishments. But All Might's class had gotten into almost as many problems as Shouta's own students did each day. Gran Torino had only taught one Homeroom class and graduated all twenty. Only one went on to be Number One but all twenty went on to be good, strong heroes in their own right. And if Shouta was right, that strength had been earned through hardship and tragedy.

If anyone could understand the nightmares that Shouta had almost every night about his kids, it would be Torino.

". . . They terrify me at times," Shouta admitted, carefully keeping his expression still and calm. "They have so much potential. Unfortunately, I'm not the only one who sees that. Villains seem to have heat-seeking missiles locked on them."

Torino hummed. "It sucks," he said lowly. "When kids have to fight before they're ready."

Shouta nodded and the two of them fell into silence, a silent comradery settled between them. There was nothing else to say. They were two teachers who had lead their kids through hell. What else was there to say?

Midoriya waved wildly at Shouta's side as Torino's car peeled out of Yuuei's parking lot, a bright grin on his face. Shouta watched silently, watching that neon yellow monstrosity drive off. It had been a good day. Torino had plenty of suggestions for Midoriya on how to use his Quirk and, even better, he had been able to give Shouta a hint on who Nana's Master might've been.

"Ahhh, Nana-chan never told me the man's name. It really hurt her when she died, y'know. But I know that he was an Underground Hero. Hopes that helps."

It definitely did. Shouta was *praying* that the next Quirk Midoriya manifested was Black Whip. Shouta would die before admitting it, but he used to be and still was a bit fanboy of Daigoro Banjo. The man was the *epitome* of Underground Heroics and Shouta used to be on every single Hero forum where the man's name was even mentioned. If Midoriya happened to manifest the Quirk of Shouta's favourite Hero? The small part of Shouta that was still that awkward, bitter, shunned middle schooler would lose his mind.

He had to cater to that middle school Shouta every so often.

"Good work today, kid," Shouta muttered, jerking his head towards the 1-A dorms.

Midoriya beamed up at him, practically bouncing on his toes as he walked at Shouta's side. He was filled with confidence, a good look on him. Shouta only hoped that he would be able to keep that

confidence in the kid until the Provisional Exams in a week. “T-thank you, Aizawa-sensei! I really like training with Torino-san! He never holds back against me. Or, well, he does but because he’s a Pro, not because he thinks I’m weak! He always pushes me to my limits and I always learn so much whenever I fight him! Which is a lot cause I didn’t really do much else on the internships. I mean,” he faltered, obviously not wanting to be the one who brought up Stain, “I did other things. But most of the time was spent fighting him.”

Shouta nodded, deciding to leave the mass murderer of it all out of it. “It’s obvious that it’s a method that works for you. And it’s obvious that you’ve copied his fighting style.”

Midoriya winced and looked up at Shouta shyly. “T-that’s okay, right?”

Shouta hummed and shrugged. “You’re a First Year, Problem Child. No one’s expecting you to have a style all of your own just yet. Most First Years base their fighting styles off of their teachers or trainers. A fair bit of Second Years too.” He paused before reaching out and gently patting the kid on the head. “You’re doing fine, kid. Have a bit of confidence in yourself.”

“O-okay, sensei! I’ll try my best!” He beamed at Shouta, like the damn sun shone out of his face.

Yep. Sunglasses were definitely going to be a future feature on Shouta’s shopping list.

Shouta nodded and decided to broach the topic of the past users. “Yagi mentioned to me something that I wanted to ask you about, Problem Child. At the Sports Festival, he mentioned that you had a vision of the past users of One for All. Have you had any more since then?”

Midoriya pursed his lips and tilted his head. The puppy similarities were just getting harder to ignore. Maybe Shouta *should* get a dog. “No, sensei. I haven’t had any more visions like that.” He paused and then, very slowly, offered, “I have had dreams though. I didn’t think much of them but, well, I have had dreams that I think might have the past users in them. Like, I had a dream a few days ago of Yagi-sensei cooking something with a woman that looked an awful lot like how he described his Master.” He blushed and ducked his head. “It might just be my imagination though, sensei.”

Maybe. It was possible. The brain was weird and dreams were

even weirder. But Shouta wouldn't discount the idea that these were memories entirely. "Maybe. Tell someone if these dreams get overwhelming," he said firmly, put at ease at Midoriya's quick nod. "We believe that you might be able to speak to the past users. Might. Maybe I'm wrong and you won't. But if something like that happens, you immediately come and find me, Yamada, Yagi, or Nedzu. Got that, Problem Child?"

Midoriya nodded quickly. "Yes, Aizawa-sensei! I'll tell you if something happens, I swear! Do you really think that I'd be able to talk with the past users?" He pursed his lips. "That means that this Quirk stockpiles consciousnesses and not just Quirks. That . . . are there souls caught in this Quirk and not just Quirks, Sensei?"

Even a fucking *child* was able to see just how terrifying the idea of consciousnesses stuck in this Goddamn Quirk was. Even a fucking *child* was smarter than Yagi.

There were so many fucking idiots in the world and it literally pained Shouta to be living among them at times.

Shouta placed a hand on Midoriya's head and said, putting as much comfort into his words as he could. "We've talked to Nedzu about it and he thinks that it's imprints of their consciousnesses." He paused and looked up. Perfect. In perfect view of a hidden security camera. "Though, we did throw around the idea of your Quirk being haunted for a few minutes there."

The pure look of audacity on Midoriya's face was pure *Heaven.*

End Notes

Hope you all liked this one! Not sure how much I liked this but I needed to address a few things in this instalment. I didn't touch on Gran Torino that much but he's really hard for me to write. I hope you like his and Shouta's relationship though! Thanks for reading!

Oh, also! The working title for this fic was '1-B is Fucking Insane.' I am going to be putting a real 1-B and 1-A rivalry in this series.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!